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THE 1888 RECORD! New York, April 30, 1888. We, the undersigned Advertising Agents, have examined the Circulation and Press Room Reports of THE WORLD, and also the amounts of White Paper furnished it by various paper manufacturers, and find that the Average No. of WORLDS Printed Daily from Jan. 1, 1888, to date is as stated, viz.: 288,970 COPIES.

THE UNEQUAL BATTLE. It is "fighting fair" to the last. Gallant Sheridan battles as bravely for his life as he battled for the Union. The same high courage, fortitude, self-possession and cheerfulness that characterized the great cavalry leader in war have sustained him in the unequal contest with mortal disease. Like the "Old Guard" that he was so fit to have led, Sheridan will "die, but never surrender." He has faced death too often to equal now.

UNITED LABOR. The enemies of the Knights of Labor were very much disappointed because Mr. Powell did not precipitate a row in District Assembly 40 yesterday.

EXPOSING FRAUD. The Mephistopheles HERMANN rendered a real public service last night in exposing some of the tricks of bogus Spiritualism and showing to 2,000 people how easy it is for even bright and watchful eyes to be deceived.

A SENSIBLE CLUB MAN. A genuine American is Dr. Leonard Gordon, of Jersey City, if the reason of his resignation from the Athletic Club of that town is correctly reported.

THE WORLD'S special reports of police court justice have now included the impressions of a great preacher, a celebrated political economist and a famous novelist—Dr. TALMAGE, HENRY GEORGE and JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Each is valuable and interesting from a different point of view. The remainder of the series will be equally striking.

Donors of flowers for Memorial Day need have no fear that they will be superfluous this year. THE EVENING WORLD's plan for distributing the surplus among the hospitals for the poor, is receiving the hearty co-operation of both Grand Army men and hospital officials. Living martyrs as well as dead heroes, will be remembered.

The current conundrum: "Will the Giants take a brace?" will be answered in the Sporting Extra of THE EVENING WORLD. There is one consolation for a muggy May; there is a lot of sunshine due in June. Building and Loan Association. How to get a home with small earnings will be shown at the public meeting, No. 17 East 125th St., on Wednesday evening, May 24, at 8 o'clock.

EARLY WEEK DAINTIES. Lettuce, 8 cents a head. Apricots, 10 cents a box. Cauliflower, 15 to 20 cents. Cucumbers, 15 cents a dozen. Lemons, 20 cents a dozen. North River sand, 40 cents. Potatoes, 8 cents a pound. Tomatoes, 25 cents a quart. Best cates, 15 cents a pound. Layer figs, 30 cents a pound. Green peas, 30 cents a half peck. Strawberries, 15 to 25 cents a box. Asparagus, 15 to 25 cents a bunch. Soft-shell crabs, \$1 to \$1.25 per dozen. A nice lot of pompano arrived from North Carolina this morning. They sell for 50 cents a pound.

STRAY PHASES OF LIFE. A gentleman with curly hair and altogether a pleasing face is Mr. W. J. Guffey, of Pittsburgh, who has been stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel for several days. Mr. Guffey makes himself up like a sportsman. He wears a soft hat, turned down by iron collar, bowing scarf, very low cut waistcoat, and a plaited shirt on which rests a diamond. He has never tried the muse, however, but is a business man and the head and front of the great natural-gas syndicate of the Smoky City. He is a quiet man, but worth a lot of money.

One of the highest prices ever paid an author for a manuscript was that of \$15,000, which Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson received from her publishers for her "Infelice" before the book went to press. Her novels to-day find a more ready sale in the South than those of any other author.

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Mrs. Sarah Rothschild, of Chicago, celebrated her hundredth birthday anniversary a few days ago. She is a native of Hesse Darmstadt, and came to America when sixty-three years old. She remembers clearly the time when Napoleon's soldiers marched by her home on their return from Moscow, and says she supplied food for fifteen of them.

George Schneider, of Chicago, who recently sailed from New York for Germany, was one of the leaders of the German revolution of 1848, and after the failure of the uprising sought safety as a refugee on American soil. In later years he became a trusted friend of Lincoln, Grant and Logan. He is President of the National Bank of Illinois, one of the soundest financial institutions in Chicago.

Tragedian O'Connor Does Not Feign. For some ten weeks I have endured in silence the sarcasms of your pink periodical extraordinary. But when one of your roving reporters (a good one, I think) says that I "feign fear" in an interview with him and others, he either "feigns" or falsifies.

Gathered at the Hotel. At the Windsor Hotel: Gen. John B. Frisbie, of Mexico, and Prof. Eliza Gray, of Chicago. Gathered at the Gilsey: Peter Schuttler, a wagon manufacturer, of Chicago, and E. R. Dorr, of Rutland, Vt.

At the Hoffman House: Henry Darrell, a Bermuda merchant just returned from England; Lawyer W. H. Moore, of Chicago, and Mrs. A. C. Tyler, of Washington.

At the City College. La Fayette, Post, W. A. R., will present a flag to the College of the City of New York on June 2, at 10 o'clock. It is a flag of the Grand Army and other army officers, Gov. Hill and staff and others are to attend, and many addresses will be made.

A MOMENT OF PERIL. BY LIEUT. WM. R. HAMILTON, Of the Fifth Artillery. (CONCLUDED.)

HE shrank from the apprehension of such a calamity was worse to me than the physical bruises and the jarring which were occasioned by being hurled against the two horsemen and then tumbled down into the ditch at the side of the road. I thought there had been exercise enough for that summer morning, and so wheeled the men about and took them back to the garrison. A little of this sort of exercise was more than enough.

A civilian who heard of this little adventure said to me: "I should suppose that the thrill of that moment, when you wheeled your horse around and spurred him back against the advancing column with that intensity of feeling, must have been so keenly exciting that it amounted to a pleasure."

A fierce battery fight, when shells are bursting and opposing troops are charging for the guns, and men are going down like blades of wheat before the mower, the hissing bullets, the short explosion of the bombs, the rattle of the musketry, the hurrahs and yells of the men, even with the intermingling groan or cry of pain—all that can be exciting. It is so. It is a swift drama, where the action sets the blood to dancing and the danger only stimulates.



On another occasion I experienced a shock which was not pleasurable either. It was in 1878, and the station was in Florida. I had to inspect a powder magazine, filled with powder kegs, shells, made cartridges and other explosive material.

I had inspected a good deal of the stuff contained in the magazine. There were several powder kegs standing on the floor, some of them being empty. They had been making cartridges. I wanted to see something, and the sergeant, in order to get it, placed the lantern on top of one of the empty powder kegs. That is, he thought it was one of the empty ones. But I remembered them from my inspection, and felt certain that he had made a mistake and selected a keg from which a good deal of powder had been taken, but which was still half full.

This was another moment of intense feeling for a fleeting breath of time. To see a flaming light drop into a keg with fifty pounds of loose powder in it; to fancy, "in far less time than it takes to tell it, that the dust of the powder, stirred up by the lantern falling into it, would rise through the aperture, reach the flame, and then—not enough of one's pulverized remains left to be recognized. This quick cyclone of agitated thought is not pleasant either.

The shock here was so strong, the dread apprehension crowded into a few seconds, was so overcoming that it simply weakened us. There was no explosion or I should not be recording the incident now. But it was a curdling moment of supreme suspense and we could hardly crawl out through the turns of the entrance to the magazine and reach the open air. It was a very limp trio that stood outside and realized that it had escaped being blown to atoms by a chance that would not happen once in a thousand times. By this rare stroke of good fortune, somehow or other, heaven only knows why, the light went out.

I went in after a moment or two for recovery in the open air and fished out the lantern, which lay upside down, half buried in the loose powder. Possibly my friend, who thought the excitement of the railroad out "a pleasure," might have fancied this "a pleasure" too. But it is not the kind of pleasure that one covets who has ever experienced it, and I feel that I can get along for the rest of my life with the few that I have had and not complain that others do not come.

ELECTORAL REFORM. Gov. Hill Urged by Workmen to Sign the Saxton Bill.

As you have so commendably and successfully utilized THE EVENING WORLD as a means of giving expression to the people's opinions or desires in the case of the Saturday Half-Holiday bill, I would suggest that you again allow the people to use your popular paper in order to let the governor know that the people desire that he should sign the Saxton Ballot bill, which makes intimidation, bribery and fraud as impossible at elections as any restrictive measures ever proposed to do. The bill also makes it possible for the people to nominate candidates outside of the machines.

On Tuesday the Miscellaneous Section of the New York Legislature passed a resolution urging the Governor to sign the bill. Last night the Food-Producers' Section followed suit, and the other sections will probably do the same.

The bill which is now in the hands of the Governor awaiting his action and known as the Saxton Electoral Reform bill, is one of the most important pieces of legislation ever passed in the interest of the workmen of this city, where political heeled and bulldozers most do congregate and where a reform in the manner of voting is an acknowledged necessity of the most pressing kind.

Extending your well-known independence in matters of this kind will induce you to use your great influence towards having the Governor sign this bill, I would suggest that you let the Governor know by his assent to the bill be circulated by you.

There are local statements made to bet that Tammany Hall will not favor the renomination of Gov. Hill. Five of the eight Tammany Hall delegates to the St. Louis convention held from the Twenty-first Assembly District.

A search warrant would find to discover truth in the rumor that ex-Mayor Grace and Maurice J. Power have renewed their former love for each other. "Why," remarked a former Irving Hall chief, "Grace would not trust Power and Power would not trust Grace. They know each other."

In Court the Officer Was Accused. Martin Connor, of No. 2983 Second avenue, was before Judge Gorman in the Harlem Police Court yesterday charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Officer O'Leary, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, who arrested him, claimed that he was always quarrelling with other newboys. At the time of his arrest, Connor was drunk and was fighting a little party vendor. The prisoner claimed he acted in self-defense, denied both the charge of drunkenness and the charge of disorderly conduct. Connor, who is about sixteen years of age, O'Leary the lad said after Connor had been arrested.

Threatened, They Received the Baby. Mary Brent, aged twenty-two, a servant in the employ of Dr. Roggenbath, No. 74 Second avenue, and her infant, born yesterday, were taken to the German Lodge Hospital, No. 68 St. Mark's place. The hospital authorities took the woman in, but refused to receive the child. Mrs. Mary Frederick, who also lives in the doctor's house, took it to Police Headquarters and explained the matter to Sergeant O'Leary. He took her to the infant back and sent a policeman with her, with instructions to bring the persons in charge of the hospital to headquarters if they persisted in refusing to take the child. The officer soon returned and reported that the hospital authorities took charge of the baby.

Hard to Part with That Clock. Edward Durkin and wife live at No. 1909 Second avenue. Annie Webb, who lives in the same house, called Durkin's wife yesterday for her. Friday she said Durkin was at the clock. She told her to watch it might disappear. That night Mrs. Durkin heard a noise in the house and, thinking burglars were there, she called Durkin. He told her to go to the clock. Judge Gorman Annie said she knew nothing about the clock. He held her, though, in \$1,000 bail.

PICKPOCKETS IN THE PARK. DOING A THRIVING BUSINESS IN SPITE OF THE VIGILANT POLICE.

The Lion House and the Monkey House Their Favorite Hunting Grounds—The Policemen Handicapped by Their Uniforms—Officer Fitch's Method of Hunting Down the Rogues on His Post.

An EVENING WORLD reporter was standing at the door of the lion house in Central Park talking with Policeman James Fitch, when a neatly dressed young man rushed up and exclaimed excitedly: "I followed him over to the bear's cage and saw him trying to pick a lady's pocket. I put two policemen onto him, and I guess they'll hurry him."

"Who is the 'him' referred to?" inquired the reporter, as the young man hastily rushed away again. "A pickpocket," replied Fitch. "You see we can't arrest men on mere suspicion, because they are invariably discharged when they are brought to court for want of evidence, and as we are obliged to be in uniform, we can never get near enough to them to catch them in the act."

"That young man you saw is a friend of mine, whom I requested to follow a man that I think is a pickpocket." "The pickpocket was acting rather suspiciously in this house just now, so I told him to get out and asked my young friend to follow him to try to detect him in the act."

"I remember one day last summer I was standing beside the hippopotamus cage and the house was crowded with people. Crowley was down here at that time, and of course he was a crowd." "Suddenly the cry 'stop thief!' was raised. It would have taken me fifteen minutes to work my way through that crowd, so I jumped out of the side window and ran around to the door, just in time to receive my man right in my arms. He cursed and swore, protesting his innocence, and was going to kill me and all that sort of thing, but I dragged him into the police station where he was searched and the watch found in his possession."

"I grabbed him and ran him in, where the watch was found in his pocket, identified by the owner, and Mr. Pickpocket got five years." Policeman Charley Hoagland, who is stationed in the monkey house, has also had numerous dealings with the light-fingered Gentry.

"There are some people who lose their valuables," said he, "and who make no complaint about it because they dislike the notoriety." "A great many people lose their pocket-books and watches through their own carelessness. Ladies come in here during the spring weather with those new-fashioned long pocket-books stuck carelessly in the pockets of their light frocks, with probably four or five inches of it protruding."

"That is a temptation that many people who are not professional thieves cannot resist, and shortly after the pocketbook changes owners." "Again, the custom of wearing watches suspended from the belt has been the cause of the loss of a number of valuable timepieces. Whenever I see a lady coming in with her pocketbook or watch exposed I always call her attention to it."

"As for the men—well they deserve to lose their watches on account of their negligence. They will stand before the cages with their hands buried in their trousers pockets and their coats wide open. The first thing they know, their watches are gone, and they are at a loss to know how it happened."

HOW MAY BE REMOVED. Probabilities of a Change in the Cowboy Club.

KANSAS CITY, May 23.—Everybody in Kansas City is more than satisfied with the work of the Cowboys, and the last game, in which the great Carthers were hit so hard, tickled the cranks more than anything in the annals of baseball. It is conceded that the boys are apt to win a game at any stage and to hit any pitcher. All the players seem to be playing with more life and the club is making friends every day. The presence of Secretary Clough with the club has started the rumor that Dave Rowe is to be disposed of, but there is nothing in it at present, though it cannot be said that Rowe is satisfactory. The signing of Kroy was not well received, as nobody has any confidence in a man of his habits and temperament.

The Western Association team here has developed a young pitcher who promises to be a star. He is a young fellow who pitched for Dave Rowe's Lincoln team last year. He is considered fully the equal of Lovett by many of the best batters. The club is a favorite with the fans. The club was called the Athletics and Aerobics. The Athletics won by the score of 60 to 32 in two and caught the Aerobics refusing to go to the field in the third.

Several New Professors. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) ITRACA, May 23.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Cornell University Saturday a number of changes were made in the departments and several new professors were appointed. Prof. Tyler, the American historian, who will go abroad in June, will have for his temporary successor Prof. Frank Hodder. Prof. H. S. Williams has resigned his position as Dean of the University, owing to his connection with the United States Geological Survey, and Prof. H. S. White has been elected to the vacancy. Among the other appointments are the election of Prof. F. L. Rice to succeed his connection with Cornell this year, has just been filled by the election of Prof. George F. Hervey, of Hamilton College. The department of the history of the department is to be equipped with a large private reference library. A large collection of casts and photographs of the monuments and structures of the economy is to be under the headship of Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, now of Brown University.

A Medal for Fire Capt. Landers. The rooms of the Live Oak Association of Ex-empire Firemen at No. 123 Cannon street were crowded with members yesterday afternoon on the occasion of the presentation of a gold medal to William H. Landers, the retiring Vice-President, who has been a member of the association since 1854. The medal was presented by the president, Mr. George Moore, and was accompanied by a large sum of money. The association is to be reorganized, with Prof. Benjamin Wheeler at its head. The department is to be equipped with a large private reference library. A large collection of casts and photographs of the monuments and structures of the economy is to be under the headship of Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, now of Brown University.

His Will Not Disclose Her Assistant. WATKINSON, N. Y., May 23.—In a small farmhouse in the village of Pierrepont Manor, Jefferson County, a terrible tragedy occurred Saturday. The victim, Julia E. Dewey, is slowly dying from five large gashes on her head and face, evidently inflicted by a sharp-edged instrument. The body of the dead clothing are covered with blood. The axe has been found in the hallway on the road passing the house, and the axe is now in the hands of the police. The sheriff is making an investigation. The woman is conscious, but will not disclose the name of the assailant or whether she was able to recognize him.

Bewildered by the Snake-Bite Remedy. Robert Lee, who was bitten by a snake at Fort Lee and took whiskey as a cure, was found yesterday morning at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue by Officer McCue, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, helpless under the influence of liquor. He was taken before Judge Gorman, of Harlem, and discharged. Gore said he had recently left the Manhattan Hospital and was told to return for another operation. One hand was still bound up. He took liquor, he said, under the advice of a physician. He will probably go to Alpine, N. J., his home.

This Horse Had a Fine Mustache. (SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.) NEWTON, Conn., May 23.—A horse, the like of which had never before been seen in this State, attracted a big crowd of spectators Saturday as he stood tied to a telegraph pole. He was jet black, rather old-looking and harnessed to a dilapidated carriage. But what attracted the most attention at him was a very heavy perfectly formed blond mustache on his upper lip. The animal belonged to a farmer, whose name could not be learned.

Doyle Will Make Greeley's Statue. The Horace Greeley Monument Committee appointed by the Horace Greeley Post held a meeting at its headquarters, No. 475 Pearl street, yesterday. The Secretary reported that the committee had been chosen to make the statue of Greeley. The figure of the great journalist will be sculpted in a sitting posture. The statue will be placed in front of the city and Brooklyn in aid of the monument fund. The concert in New York will probably be given next Sunday week.

Yachts Spread Sails for a Prize. Fourteen little flyers of the Yorkville Yacht Club opened the season yesterday with a very pretty regatta. The start and finish were at Oak Point, the course for the three large classes being twenty miles, and for the three smaller ones fifteen miles. The race was witnessed by about five hundred people. The winners were the yacht Happy Thought, Capt. B., Traveller and Maud M.

A PIONEER OF BARBERDOM. DAVID R. FRANKLIN'S LONG CAREER WITH RAZOR AND STROP.

It Has Given Him an Equally Long Memory of Men and Things—Some of His Reminiscences of Historical Names and Events—He Will Start the "Tribune's" Subscription List.

If any one deserves the title of pioneer of the New York barbers that person is the venerable David R. Franklin, who now has a little shop on Third avenue, near Tenth street. Mr. Franklin is seventy-four years old and has been working at his trade ever since 1829, when he began to shave New Yorkers in a shop in Washington street, between Barclay and Vesey.

Everything above Canal street at that time was out in the country, and Mr. Franklin may be said to have seen the metropolis grow to its present proportions almost from his infancy. One of the earliest recollections in his business is the visit to his shop of Enoch Crosby, the original of Harvey Birch, the famous spy in Cooper's novel.

It was in the summer of 1829 when a number of old residents of Putnam County came to New York to attend as witnesses in a suit brought by John Jacob Astor to establish the title to a big tract of land he had bought in that county. Enoch Crosby was among them. He was a little, old, shriveled-up man at that time and wore gold earrings. He was so feeble that two men were always in attendance on him. Mr. Franklin shaved him several times.

Another old timer who used to visit his shop in those days whenever he came to New York was Isaac Paulding, of Tarrytown, who is famous in Revolutionary history as one of the captives of Major Andre. There are only two of the many great old Revolutionists who to straggle into town in those times whose names have escaped the veteran barber's memory.

Since that day Mr. Franklin has kept shops all over town, and at one time had three shops going at once—one in the old Clinton Hotel in Brooklyn, one in Nassau street, and one in Carmine street. He is chock-full of reminiscences, and can tell enough about men and things in New York during the last half century to keep a historian busy without any let up for a month of Sundays.

Among his early acquaintances acquired in a professional way was John D. Skillman, the editor of the paper called the "Commonwealth" and James Watson Webb, ran the "Courier and Enquirer," one of the early newspapers of the city. Among others whom he knew in the old times were Niblo, the theatrical manager; "Tom" Hyer, "Sile" Chickering, Abe Vanderveer, Aleck Hamilton and "Bill" Harrington, who were the leading lights of the sporting fraternity in this city forty years ago.

"Hyer was not a ruffian like the average prize-fighter of to-day," says Mr. Franklin, "but he was a blameworthy-looking fellow, and was conducted himself like a gentleman. He knew how to fight though. I saw him fight 'Country' McCloskey up the river, at the foot of the Dunderberg. Tom knocked him all to pieces, and then tried to shake hands with what was left of him."

Mr. Franklin has belonged to various militia organizations in the city, and when the war broke out he went down to the front with the Seventh Regiment and served with them six months in camp, during which time he participated in several exciting adventures. Theodore Winthrop, the abolitionist, was one of the members of the regiment, and was killed in an engagement. After returning to New York, for he did not go South on account of his age, he opened a paper called the "African" in Nassau street. When the draft riots occurred, in 1863, he said he expected to be strung up at any time, for he was known as a Black Republican; but he kept his shop open, nevertheless, while the streets were filled with rioters.

His Victory. (From His File.) Gunnation (appearing suddenly)—Once for all, Clara, will you forgive me? I can't bear to give you up for so trivial a reason. Clara—No, Henry; nothing but power—stronger than my own would deter me from my determination, and (as Henry turns away) Heaven knows you've got it, Henry!

REV. DR. MACARTHUR will write about Police Court justice in THE WORLD to-morrow morning. The interest in this series grows apace.

Mrs. Catherine Beckman, of South Sixth street, Brooklyn, disappeared Thursday night from No. 639 Jersey avenue, Jersey City, the home of George Carroll, her brother-in-law, with whom she had been staying for some time. She has not been seen since. She is quite well to do and took with her only one dress when she left. She is fifty-five years of age, five feet five inches in height and has snow-white hair.

Inspector Williams's Yacht. A new yacht, owned by Inspector Williams and modelled by him, was launched at John Engle & Son's shipyard, at Greenpoint, Saturday. It was christened "Hiccuper," after the inspector's wife. It is a sloop yacht 17 feet beam and 63 feet long.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries and other well-known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, catarrhs, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, indigestion, general debility, constipation, chronic skin diseases, and all the ailments which overcome that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season or life.

I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It keeps up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it.—FRANK C. TURNER, Hook and Ladder No. 1, Friend street, Boston.

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